

## CONVERSATION GALANTE

At Caen such tripe is less a la mode than here.  
In Paris at Easter when Sunday falls on a Monday  
The effect suffocates like that bitter-sweet smell which deepens  
Round the angel smocks of rich men who waste in steam rooms  
Yet fail to be Roman—

“Pass time with both kidneys and a swiftly relaxing bladder,  
Through life like a dose of fruit salts and vice versa”—  
Just deepens, deepens, does not dissipate  
With time like normal smells—if this was a foretaste  
You won't smile long in Hell.

## THE DANCER IN THE ROOMS

The first room was light and cool  
As an empty Mason jar.  
Two was hot and black as tar.  
In the third a little girl  
Handed me brittle stars.  
In four I changed sand dollars  
For blue suit and black hair.  
Room five held a dancing bear!  
In six you smiled at me—  
I danced up the winding stairs.

*Michael Lebeck*